Jo864

KINGSWESTON HILL.

A

POEM.

Satis beatus ruris honoribus.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN STOCKDALE, oppoſite Burlington Houſe, Piccadilly. 1785.

[PRICE EIGHTEEN PENCE.]

A

KINGSWESTON HILL.

NO more, Kingſweſton, ſhall th' ungrateful Muſe,
At thy fond call, her wayward ear refuſe;
What tho' no Denham e'er has deign'd his lays,
Yet ſhould thy fame tranſcend a *Cooper*'s praiſe:
Oh! that thy varying wonders might inſpire,
Their weak encomiaſt with a Denham's fire!

Now, as I gradual climb the ſtately height,

The burſting proſpect ruſhes on the ſight:

Below, rich woods o'erſhade the circled green,

Meads ſmile o'er meads, and gladden all the ſcene;

The ſtreaky Severn changes on the ſight,

Waving to beams of many-colour'd light;

O'er the clear main diſpers'd, the leſs'ning ſail,

(Thy wealth, proud Briſtol!) dances in the gale:

Beyond, the Cambrian mountains dimly riſe,

Point their blue tops, and vaniſh in the ſkies.

Approaching Autumn juſt begins to tinge

The leafy verdure with a golden fringe;

Thro' the fair ſcene unequal ſhades appear,

That ſpeak the downfall of the waining year;

The fading foliage of the darkſome pine,

The ſhrubby pool, where drooping oſiers twine;

O'er the green bank the yellower flowrets ſhed,

And the late roſe, that ſpots the copſe with red;

The woodbine's feath'ry bloom, that, unconfin'd,

Mounts in the circles of the waſting wind;

While, 'midſt his ſubject trees, the laden oak,

Tow'rs high, and caſts beneath a kingly look.

Between his low-brow'd cliffs, and arching woods,

The gentle Avon rolls his fairy floods;

Pale ivy's wreaths embrace the moul'dring tow'r,

And ſwallows rooſt, where princes lodg'd before.

Happy

Happy the man, who to theſe ſhades retires,
Whom eaſe invites, and ſocial friendſhip fires;
Who traces Wiſdom's unaſſuming plan,
Grateful to God, benevolent to man!
He follows Nature thro' her varying form,
Melts with the breeze, and riſes with the ſtorm.
Rich in content, he ſhuns unfaithful courts,
Where pleaſure's vot'ries croud their fond reſorts;
The titled boaſter, and the poliſh'd fool,
Gay by conſtraint, and elegantly dull;
Faſhion's vain fops, who toy their lives away,
Juſt to ſupply the ſcandal of the day.
Yet ſuch from every deeper ill exempt,
Excite but pity mingled with contempt: —

But ſhould a man, endow'd with every art
To clear the head, and elevate the heart;
To form the wit, the patriot, and the ſage,
To bleſs an empire, and adorn an age;
Should he, perverting Nature's gen'rous end,
From Virtue's heights to groveling TREACH'RY bend,
Puff'd by the breath of viſionary fame,
Barter, in all, the ſubſtance for the name;
The goal of vice by ſafe approaches ſeek,
And look the lie his tongue's too wiſe to ſpeak;
Polite to gain, and friendly to beguile,
Strike with a jeſt, and poiſon with a ſmile;
Mould, to his will, the jeſuitic text,
Bawd in one line, and preacher in the next;

With

With critic toil the human portrait trace,
That guilt diſtorts, and weakneſſes deface;
Mark how the col'ring heightens, how it fades,
Thro' all the nice variety of ſhades;---
Should all his proſpects end in ſplendid pelf,
And all his friendſhip in his little ſelf;
Should he, thro' life, retain the deſp'rate plan,
And ſceptic fury cloſe what vice began,
Too plain this truth, not to be underſtood;—
The *Man* is bad—the *Devil* had been good.

Daughter of heav'n, fair JUSTICE! oh return,
Breathe from each tongue, in ev'ry boſom burn;

Deſcend,

Deſcend, array'd in all thy native pride,

While mild *Benevolence* attends thy ſide;

From the falſe patriot's forehead tear the maſk,

And give the True, the wreath he ſcorn'd to aſk;

Bid kindred Truth inſpire from pole to pole,

And Indian ſuns o'er lands of freedom roll;

Bid wrangling Faction here forget to roar,

And mean Ambition ſpread her ſnares no more;

Let Virtue warm the ſenatorial tribe,

And rich Perſuaſion flow without a bribe;

So ſhall fair Albion's glories riſe again,

Nor fear, nor ſuffer, a divided reign;

But undiminiſh'd to her heirs deſcend,

And grow with years till time ſhall have an end.

Still, as the circling ſeaſons dance along,
Their varied pleaſures call the rural throng;
With ſounding horns the ſwain ſalutes the ſun,
Spreads the firm net, or aims the thund'ring gun.
Hark! the glad tumult thro' the foreſt rings!
Forth from the brake the deer affrighted ſprings;
O'er mead, o'er dale, with furious ſpeed he bounds,
And mocks the vigour of the lagging hounds;
Then ſtops: but lift'ning to the ſhouts again,
He ſtarts, he ſweeps, he ruſhes o'er the plain.

When ſolemn Eve uprears her paly lamp,
And the chill Froſt arreſts the falling damp,

The ſilent ſwains the ſhadowy meadow trace,

Where, ſunk in ſlumber, lies the plumy race:

The lengthen'd net they ſpread with niceſt care;

At either end a taper aids the ſnare:

Sudden an artful uproar burſts around;

The roofted warblers ſtartle at the ſound:

Scar'd by the tumult, by the lights beſet,

The little victims croud the treach'rous net.

If driving rains theſe healthy toils refuſe,

The youth ingenuous courts the claſſic muſe;

With godlike Hector ruſhes to the war,

O'er lovelorn Dido drops the pitying tear: —

Or opes the page where awful facts are plac'd,
By truth ſuggeſted, and by language grac'd;
Where *Hiſt'ry* penetrates, with hallow'd pow'r,
The ſecret thoughts of thoſe that are no more;
Unveils the light occurrences, whence ſprings
The fate of nations, and the fall of kings;
How empires dawn, attain their noontide height,
Then downward roll, and loſe themſelves in night;
Calls the firm ſoul to daring virtue forth,
And, by the paſt, inſpires the future worth.

Fair ſeats diverſify the ſmiling ſcene,
And farms, and villages, appear between:

Aſhton,

Aſhton, for ſummer's choiceſt gifts renown'd,

Henb'ry's proud woods, with gorgeous turrets crown'd;

Weſtb'ry, where Trim in brawling ſhallows glides,

Shirehampton, bounded by the marſhy tides;

And Durdham's Lodge, that views the ſhaggy caves,

Whence tow'ring Vincent threats his ſubject waves;

And winding Stoke, and brooky Cote appear;

And Barrow's hills their nodding foreſts rear;

And Redland's ſmoky villas ſpot the ground;

And Dund'ry's tow'rs the ſwelling proſpect bound.

Here too old Leigh his ſunny plains extends,

And to the main in lengthening verdure bends;

Leigh, that to Charles unconſcious refuge gave,

The Britiſh king degraded to the ſlave;

When,

When, by ſtern faction, exil'd from the throne,
He ſtray'd unmourn'd, unheeded, and unknown.

Thrice happy Briſtol! whom ſuch ſeats ſurround;
But happier ſtill, for ev'ry muſe renown'd!
Still ſhall thy vales with richeſt verdure ſhine,
Still the green laurel o'er thy forehead twine;
From age to age ſhall CHATTERTON ſurvive,
While gen'rous ſenſibility ſhall live;
Command the breaſt to throb, the tear to flow,
In ſoft viciſſitude of pleaſing woe;
The echoing ſoul with riſing fury move,
Sink to deſpair, or liquidate to love.

See where the ſilver adder welt'ring lies,

His ſpeckled beauties trailing as he dies!

No more his eyes a fiery crimſon boaſt,

Dim is their luſtre, and their magic loſt.

Thus is proud *Man* arreſted in his way,

The gilded reptile of a longer day!

The great, the fair, reſign their petty reign,

Vain their ambition, and their beauty vain.

Where ancient Trim, in pebble-paven floods,

Reflects the verdure of o'erhanging woods;

A genial villa roſe between the trees,

The ſeat of beauty, competence, and eaſe.

There

There lovely Sylvia bleſs'd a mother's cares,

Fair opening in the bloom of vernal years;

Saw Nature breathing ſweetneſs thro' the land,

Bluſh in the berry, in the leaf expand;

With ſilver ſtreams reviv'd the drooping flow'r,

Or fed the plumy warbler of the bow'r;

In calm retirement paſs'd her gentle prime,

Fearleſs of ill, unconſcious of a crime.

By chance Eugenio came: his noble race

Shone in the blooming graces of his face:

In him was Sylvia by reflection ſhown;

Congenial merit link'd their hearts in one.

The youth then firſt the gen'rous paſſion fir'd;

Then firſt the virgin wiſhed to be admir'd.

By wily love were frequent meetings fram'd;

More pleas'd they met, and parted more enflam'd.

Short are our joys! Eugenio's haughty ſire

To diſtant Naples bade his ſon retire.

Torn from the ſpot, no kind adieu he took;

Not ev'n one parting ſigh, one ſoothing look!

When the full ſails receiv'd the ſpringing gale,

What tortur'd thoughts Eugenio's breaſt aſſail!

In paſſion's mingling wretchedneſs perplex'd,

He doubts one moment, and reſolves the next.

But Sylvia ſilent melancholy ſeiz'd;

What joys can practiſe on a mind diſeas'd?

In vain fair gardens, to attract her eyes,

Swell in the ſun, and ſhed a thouſand dies;

The hawthorn bloſſoms, or the tulip breaks
Into a gay variety of ſtreaks;
Or jaſmine twines againſt the turret's ſide;
Or ſpiry temples mingle all their pride;
Or lengthening viſtas ſtream along the coaſt,
In fine gradation exquiſitely loſt;—
Unſeen ſhe moans; or bids her ſorrows ſuit
The low ſad warblings of the dying lute.
When awful night broods o'er the conſcious ſkies,
And careleſs ſleep has ſeal'd officious eyes;
What time ſtill moonlight, at the haunted hour,
Sheds a ſoft ſilver languor on the flow'r;
Forth ſtealing, ſhe enjoys a ſad relief,
In the full licenſe of luxurious grief.

There lies a vale, o'er whoſe ſequeſter'd ſides
The ling'ring Trim in ſullen murmurs glides;
Where duſky woods, encircling all around,
To gloomy calmneſs conſecrate the ground.
There the fair mourner nightly joys to rove,
Vents all her griefs, and gives a looſe to love;
On the cold ground diſſolv'd in tears ſhe lies,
Or kneels, in ſilent anguiſh, to the ſkies;
Or liſts, where Philomela's warblings flow,
In ſad congeniality of woe.
Then fancy aids the terrors of the gloom,
Heightens the true, and bids ideal come;
From ev'ry ſhade a beck'ning arm ſhe ſees,
And Sylvia's name reſounds in ev'ry breeze.

Now, on the couch reclining, ev'n in ſleep,

Her reſtleſs thoughts their waking horrors keep:

The ſlow hearſe ſtalks, where, near ſome iſle's dark rounds,

Prophetic charnels groan with tortur'd ſounds;

The ſable pomp deſcends — *Eugenio*'s name

She reads — a ſudden tremor chills her frame;

She wakes — but, wakening, ſeeks a vain relief,

Plung'd in a ſad reality of grief;

From fearful nights, to days of woe returns;

For ever murmurs, and for ever mourns.

Mean-time, Eugenio's pen in vain eſſay'd

With love's ſoft ſtrains to ſooth the diſtant maid;

Brib'd by the ſire, to him a ſervant ſent

Each tender pledge for injur'd Sylvia meant.

Contending paſſions, each by turns, engage
Th' impatient youth, love, jealouſy, and rage:
This way and that with rival ſtrength they tear;
Then join tumultuous all, and finiſh in deſpair.
At length his frenzy fir'd beyond delay,
Sudden for Britain's ſhores he fix'd his way.
Six days a calm had ſmooth'd the tardy ſeas;
In Biſcay's bay the veſſel courts the breeze;
Hark! the dread thunder with a furious craſh
Splits! o'er the gloom the mingling light'nings flaſh;
The black cloud burſts, all heav'n deſcends amain
In torrents of precipitating rain:
As on the deck Eugenio's ſervant ey'd
The ridgy horrors of the deſp'rate tide,

Struck

Struck by the forky fires the traitor fell;

One inſtant ſent his trembling ſoul to hell;

Yet, ere he died, the wretch his fraud reveal'd,

And Sylvia's letters from the maid withheld.

But now, the dangers of the tempeſt o'er,

Huſh'd are the winds, the waves more faintly roar;

The golden evening breaking thro' the ſkies,

Flames in a rich diverſity of dies.

As, from afar, his native hills appear'd,

Soft ſoothing hope the lover's boſom cheer'd.

Scarce had he landed on fair Deva's grounds,

When in his ear his father's death reſounds.

But ah! what tranſport Sylvia's breaſt alarms,

To ſee Eugenio ruſh into her arms!

Bluſhing

Bluſhing ſhe ſtands; her ſwelling raptures lie
In the mute pathos of the gliſtening eye;
While her charm'd ear his eager accents hail,
And tell at once the ſad and pleaſing tale.
Thro' rolling years their mutual fondneſs paſs'd,
And every morn was happier than the laſt.

Still, as around I turn my wand'ring eyes,
New foreſts thicken, and new ſcenes ſurpriſe;
The harveſt gently bending to the breeze,
The diſtant landſcape, glimm'ring thro' the trees;
The browſing flocks, that ſpot the ſloping hills;
Down the ſcoop'd vale the chryſtal-quiv'ring rills;

While the green iſlets ſtud the wat'ry plain,

And cloud-capt rocks hang low'ring o'er the main.

Creator of this ſoul-enliven'd frame,

Whoſe mercy beam'd, and made me what I am!

" *Theſe are thy works!*" thy ſacred will was ſaid,

And worlds on worlds ſtood glorioufly diſplay'd!

Affrighted Chaos ceas'd his hateful ſtrife,

And golden Order ſtarted into life.

That rip'ning ſuns in glad ſucceſſion bring

The full-blown Summer, and the bloſſom'd Spring;

That jovial Autumn ſpreads his yellow ſtore,

And wintry ſtorms magnificently roar!

That kindly rains the budding ſhoot diſtend,

And gentle gales reviving coolneſs lend;

That purple day ſucceeds to ſtarry night,

Glowing in ſweet viciſſitudes of light;

That myriad warblers o'er the foreſt ſing,

At wak'ning dawn, and ſtretch the joyous wing;

That inſect-hues a varying gloſs unfold,

And fertile rivers ſhine with ſcaly gold;

All from thy never-ending goodneſs ſprings,

Eternal Eſſence of created things!

At thought of whom the grateful tear ſtarts forth,

While the weak tongue in vain attempts thy worth!

On thy bleſt will may I with joy rely,

And live with thanks, with reſignation die.

THE END.

NEW BOOKS printed for JOHN STOCKDALE, oppoſite Burlington Houſe, Piccadilly.

SHAKSPEARE,

Printed from the Text of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON and ——— STEEVENS, Eſq. in one large Volume, Octavo, on a fine Royal Paper, and embelliſhed with a ſtriking Likeneſs of the Author.

Price 15s. in boards,
17s. 6d. bound in calf and lettered,
18s. elegantly bound in calf and gilt,
19s. neatly bound in Ruſſia leather, gilt,
1l. 1s. beautifully bound in vellum, gilt,
1l. 5s. bound in Morocco, extra,
And 3l. 3s. bound in tortoiſeſhell.

STOCKDALE's EDITION
OF
SHAKSPEARE,

5 0059

INCLUDING THE WHOLE OF HIS
DRAMATIC WORKS;
Compiled from VARIOUS COMMENTATORS.

"Nature her pencil to his hand commits,
"And then in all her forms to this great Maſter fits."

ADDRESS